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HOME, SWEET HOME!

on.

The Ram's Head Tavern.

By L. POCOCK, Esq.

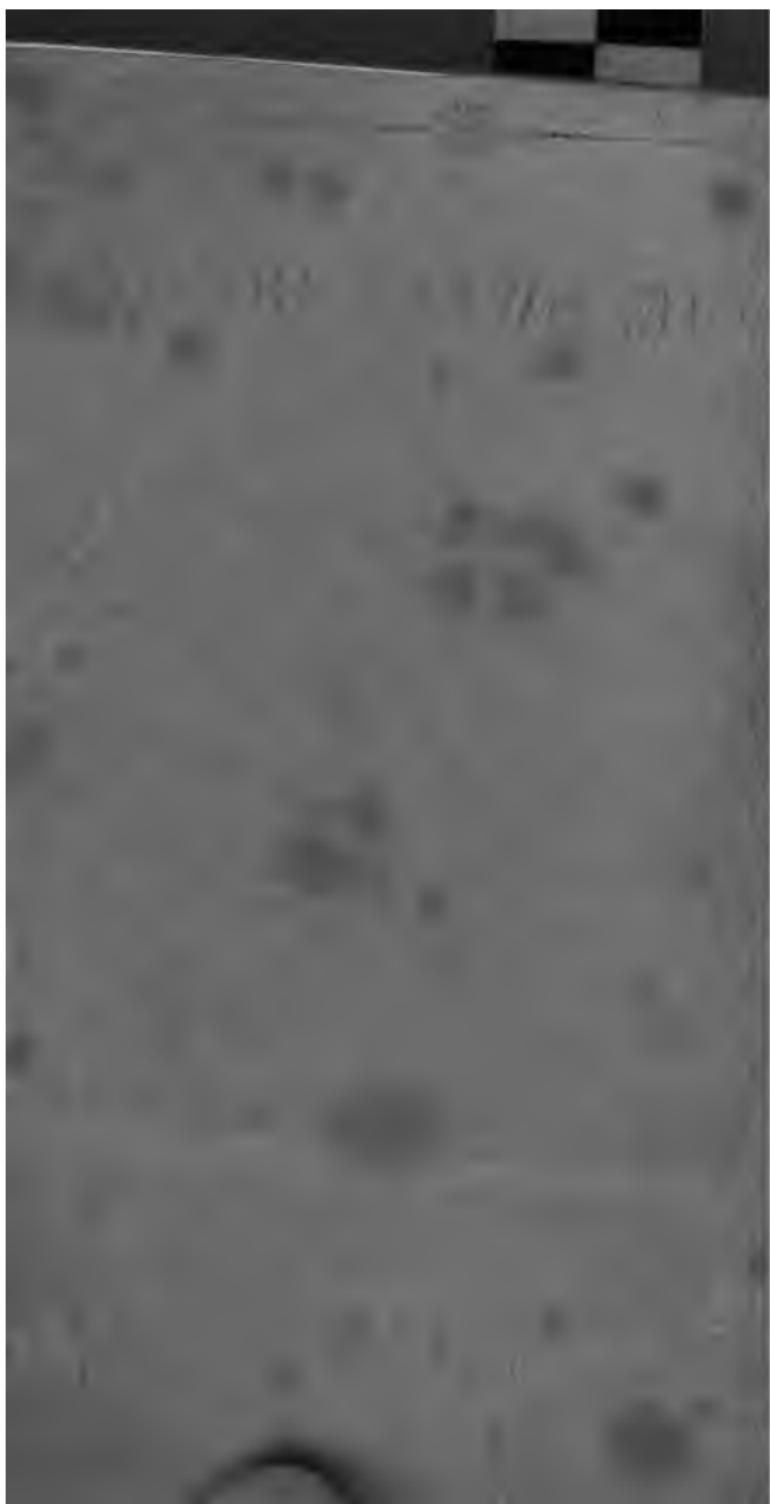
THE MUSIC by H. R. BISHOP.

LONDON:

Published for the Proprietor

BY W. & KIDDY,

WATKIN'S-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW.



S.H. 18

HOME, SWEET HOME!

OR,

The Ranz des Vaches.

AN OPERATIC ENTERTAINMENT,

IN TWO ACTS,

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

I. POCOCK, Esq.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ADAPTED BY

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Entered at Stat. Hall.

Price One Shilling.



LONDON:

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20, WARWICK-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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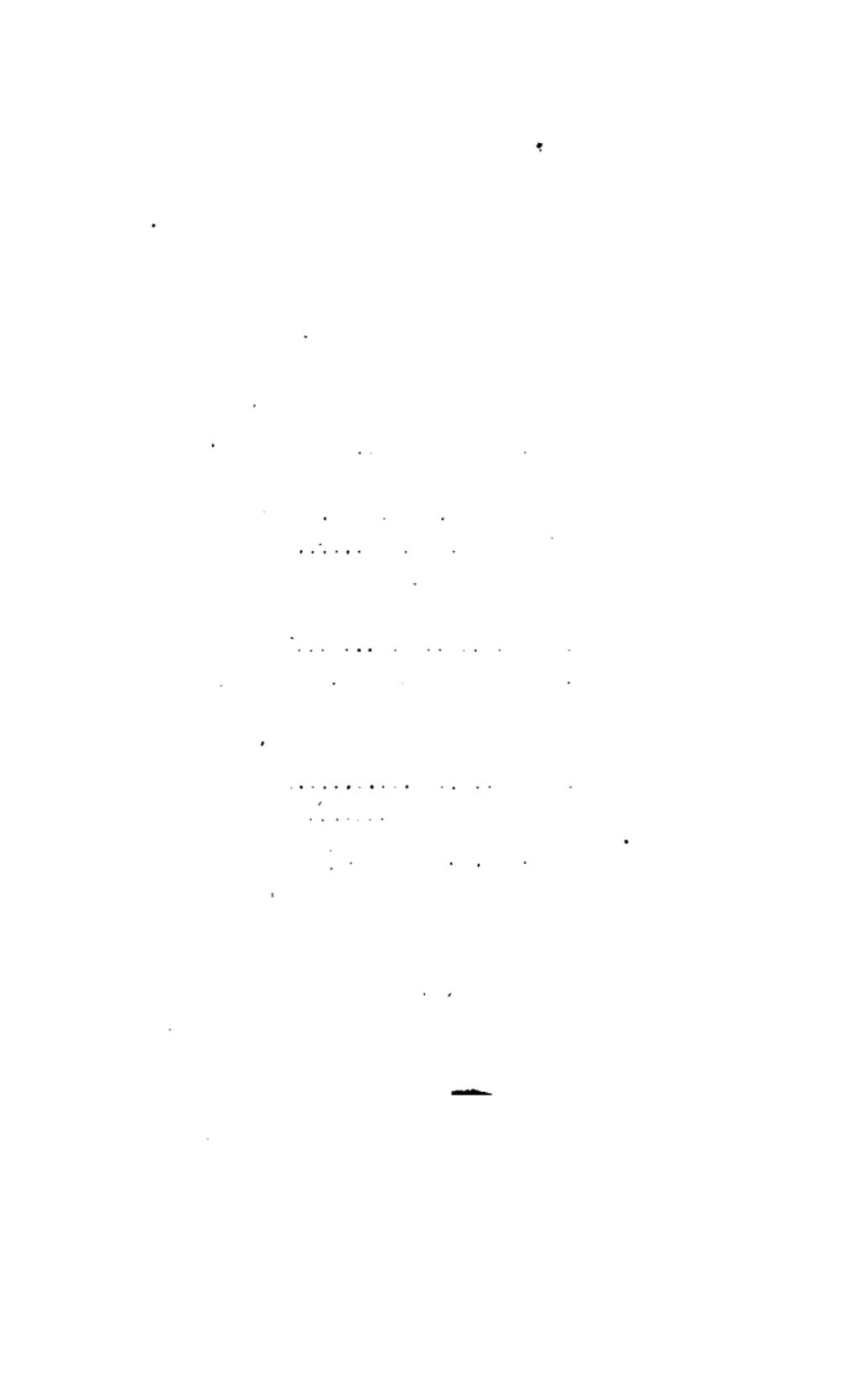
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Roche, (his Son)</i>	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Valcour</i>	Mr. Warde.
<i>Servant)</i>	Mr. Wrench.
	Mr. Wood.
	Mr. Keeley.
	Mr. Meadows.
	Mr. Henry.
	Mr. Irwin.
	Madame Vestris.
	Miss Forde.
	Miss Goward.
<i>Villagers,</i>	<i>Soldiers, &c.</i>	

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES,
Stamford-street.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Captain La Roche</i>	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Colonel Henry La Roche, (his Son)</i>	Mr. Warde.
<i>Chevalier Charles Valcour</i>	Mr. Wrench.
<i>Edward Malaise</i>	Mr. Wood.
<i>Natz</i>	Mr. Keeley.
<i>Bronze, (Colonel's Servant)</i>	Mr. Meadows.
<i>Officer</i>	Mr. Henry.
<i>Corporal</i>	Mr. Irwin.
<i>Madame Germance</i>	Madame Vestris.
<i>Florine</i>	Miss Forde.
<i>Lisette</i>	Miss Goward.
<i>Villagers, Soldiers, &c.</i>		



HOME, SWEET HOME!

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Mont Blanc, with the morning sun upon its summit, towers above a line of mountains and glaciers, which crown the distant lake. At a nearer point the lake narrows to a river, over which is a bridge connecting the frontiers of France and Switzerland. The residence of Madame Germance is partly seen on the left of the spectator; on the right, a farm-house. An Alpine bridge extends across the turn of the river, which flows to the foot of the farm. Valcour discovered seated on a rocky bank near the front on the right, sketching. Villagers are discovered. Florine enters from the house, R.*

At this time, a boat, which has passed in perspective with a single passenger, ferried by a female, appears at the landing place. Capt. La Roche steps out, and assists Lisette.

ROUND and CHOR.*—Florine, Lisette, and Claudine.

The sun has been long on old Mont Blanc,
Proclaiming a lovely morning;
The crown of snow on its frozen brow
With a golden light adorning.

No more delay, to the hills away,
Your toil and labour scorning;
With hearts as light you'll hail the night
That follows a cheerful morning.

Hark! hark! 'tis the ~~Rame~~ des Vaches,
In the mountain-pass resounding;
As thunder follows the lightning flash,
From rock to rock rebounding!

The sun has been lon, &c.

[*Exit Lis. to the farm, with Flo., as the villagers disperse.*

La Ro. AH, Valcour! never idle, yet always complaining that time hangs heavily.

* From the length of the piece this is occasionally omitted in representation.

Val. Even so, good Captain La Roche. You are more fortunate ; you contrive to make time pass agreeably even in a ferry-boat [*smiling as he looks at his sketch*].

La Ro. Eh ! [Aside] what does he mean by that ? couldn't surely see me kiss the girl at that distance ? What have you been drawing ?

Val. O, the same thing over and over again—water, sky, mountains—mountains, sky, water. There is no variety in such a country as this. I say, Captain, those are the most enticing subjects for a man fond of the picturesque [*pointing to Florine, and Lisette, who brings a letter-bag from the boat*].

La Ro. O, you sly dog !

Lis. There are the letters, Florine.

Flo. Well, I am glad you have brought them at last. What made you so long ?

Lis. It was no fault of mine : Captain La Roche, instead of helping, rather hindered me.

Flo. Hindered you—how so ?

Lis. O, he kept teasing me with compliments, and was so particularly frolicsome, that—

La Ro. [impatiently.] There, there ! You needn't give a full and particular account of our voyage. Go in, Florine, and tell Madame Germance I'll be with her directly.

Flo. Good bye, Lisette !

[Exit to the house, R.]

Lis. Adieu, Florine !

Val. But, Lisette, have you no letters for me ?

Lis. Not to-day, Mr. Charles. [Exit to the farm, L.]

Val. No news from Paris yet ! Plague on't ! I shall be naturalized to this horrible country, if they keep me in it much longer, and fancy myself a descendant of William Tell !

La Ro. I say, Valcour, if I am not very much mistaken, that little boat-girl, Lisette, is rather pretty—neat ankle, sparkling eyes, and—eh—but I'm so near sighted, that all these agreeable things are lost upon me.

Val. Near sighted ! oh, that accounts, then, for your faces being so close together, when I was peeping after the picturesque.

[*Valcour elongates a telescope (giving him the sketch, and pointing towards the river).*]

La R. Augh, confound your spy-glass ! [looks eagerly at the sketch.] I thought so ! he has drawn me in the very fact, kissing the girl in the boat ! But, harky', Charles, though Lisette's black eyes may have stolen a march on an old soldier's better judgment, believe me I have too strong

a sense of my duty as a man, ever to forget the respect due to the humblest of her sex and my own honour.

Val. Wheugh!—then what's to become of me, who make love to all the women I meet?

La Ro. All!

Val. Aye, all that are pretty; all that have neat ankles, sparkling eyes, and so forth. Madame Germance, the young widow there, half killed me!

La Ro. Madame Germance! [Alarmed.]

Val. Yes. Oh, I was suddenly very ill, but she had some prior engagement; so, finding it wouldn't do, I suddenly recovered, said some sweet things to Florine, and thought I was fixed, till Lisette, the lovely maid of the silver stream, settled me at once, and I feel for her the most permanent and lively passion—that is to say, the most recent—

La Ro. Why, you scapegrace!—you libertine!

Val. Libertine!—not a bit of it. Bless all their hearts, I'd jump into that infernal glacier before I'd give one of the dear creatures a moment's uneasiness! but they like it—they do, upon my soul! and though they can't all marry me, none of them seem able to live without me!

La Ro. Was there ever such a coxcomb!—Listen, Valcour! Your heart is in the right place, though your head never is. Madame Germance, I have reason to know, is quite safe from all your Parisian ways; but with these two little foolish Swiss girls, such rhodomontade may play the devil!

Val. O, you flatter!

La Ro. Hold your tongue! [Valcour shrugs demurely.] In the first place, Lisette is betrothed to a young lad, a little merry fellow; he was a conscript, who, having completed his term of service, is expected to return this day with some of his comrades.

Val. Poor fellow! so you were getting her lips into practice?

La Ro. Nonsense!—As to Florine—

Val. What! are they all bespoke?

La Ro. Attention!

Val. Beg pardon.

La Ro. 'Drot you, I wish I had you in the ranks!—Florine has a lover whose situation is of peculiar hardship. He was a fine manly fellow, and as gallant a soldier as ever faced an enemy. He, too, was a conscript, torn from the bosom of his family, and the scenes of his childhood, which he loved with all that overwhelming passion

peculiar to this country, and called the "mal du pays." Poor Edward, knowing that some of his friends were about to return, asked a few weeks' leave of absence to come with them, but was refused; 'tis true, he has served only two years, but he has received twice as many wounds, and on one occasion saved the life of his commanding officer.

Val. Those were strong claims.

La Ro. Besides, he is the foster-brother of my own son. I have known and loved him from a child; so I wrote to my old friend, Marshal de Grancy, in his behalf.

Val. Well, and he—

La Ro. Has not condescended to answer my letter. But the troops are assembling on the frontier; De Grancy will soon be here, and if I don't give him such a dressing—

Val. What! a captain blow up a field-marshall?

La Ro. Ay, an emperor, if he treated old Valentine La Roche with disrespect. I confess I am hurt at the Marshal's conduct. But think what would be the feelings of poor Edward, if, on returning to the girl of his heart, your thoughtless folly had made all a blight, where he had hoped to find a blessing.

Val. Eh, hang it, this is—pshaw! [grasping his hand] Captain La Roche, as I have a heart in my body, I'll never kiss Florine again!

La Ro. Again! why have you?

Val. Only by accident, in an arbour; as you might meet Lisette in a boat. For the future trust me, and if ever I abuse your confidence, drum me out of all petticoat society. But don't be too hard upon me;—if the girls will run after me in preference to every body else, it's no fault of mine.

Enter LISETTE, running from the farm.

Lis. Oh, sir! sir!

La Ro. Well, my dear, here I am [crossing to her].

Lis. Not you, Captain [curtseying and passing him], 'tis Mr. Valcour that I want.

La Ro. The devil it is?

Val. [to La Ro.] You see!

Lis. Oh! Mr. Charles, I forgot to say that a courier who passed the frontier this morning told Mr. Snachet of the Custom House that all our friends were on the road, and would arrive this morning from Paris.

Val. From Paris! miserable dogs! but how happy you must be, Lisette!

Lis. Yes, oh yes, I am very happy; but my little chubby-faced sweetheart Natz is coming home too.

La Ro. Well, and an't you delighted?

Lis. Oh! certainly, very—much delighted; I only wanted to tell dear Mr. Charles, that Natz is not at all jealous;—so that Mr. Charles may be just as civil to me as ever.

La Ro. Why, you forward little baggage! get along with you! [puts her over to L.]

Lis. Get along! Bless us! here's an alteration within ten minutes.

La Ro. [Sees Valcour kiss his hand to her.] Now, don't be playing those cursed tricks. Ah! Florine! [as she enters from the house] I am really quite ashamed of keeping your mistress waiting, but say I'll come instantly.

Flo. My lady doesn't want you, Captain [crosses to Valcour]. Mr. Charles, Madame Germance's kind compliments, and requests the pleasure of speaking to you for a few minutes alone.

Val. Alone!—me? delightful!

La Ro. Alone!

Val. [Aside to La Roche] You see, captain, you see. [Takes Florine under his arm and crosses towards house, R.]

La Ro. [Apart.] Why, what the plague has he bewitched her too; a woman who expects to be my daughter-in-law? And am I to—cool my heels here, while the widow carries on a flirtation with that butterfly?

Val. Tut! tut! tut!—Butterfly, indeed! say another word against flirtation, and I'll shew you up—draw a caricature of two folks in a ferry-boat, write an explanatory ballad underneath, print, post, and have it sung all over the canton. Charming Florine, lead on.

Flo. You know your way, Mr. Valcour—I'll have the pleasure of following you.

Val. You hear—she'll have the pleasure of following me.

La Ro. Valcour, have a care.

Val. Capt. La Roche, I will; but, recollect, I am an amateur, as well as yourself. You are fond of peeping after the picturesque, so am I.

[Pointing his glass at La Roche, then closing it suddenly.

[Exit Valcour, R.]

La Ro. Here's a pretty business; I had quite enough on my mind without being quizzed by that volatile monkey—eh! a letter—

[Florine holds it up as she watches Valcour off.

Flo. My lady thought you would like to read it by yourself, Captain, as it seems official.

La Ro. [Breaking the seal.] From the Marshal, no doubt;—leave of absence, perhaps, for poor Edward!

Flo. For Edward! shall I, indeed, see him again so soon?

La Ro. Ah! what's this? "The Major Commandant"—stand back, girls—"regrets to announce." Edward deserted! and here's a copy of his description.—I must, indeed, read this by myself. Do not go, Florine, till I return—perhaps a substitute may set all to rights.

[Exit La Roche, to the farm.

TRIO, &c.

Flo. Return, return, and never more
& From her who dearly loves thee, roam.

Lis. I'll } Meet thee at our cottage door,
We'll } And glad will be thy welcome home!

[Exeunt into house.

Edw. Ent. L. Oh, land belov'd, I never more,
While life is mine, from thee will roam!
With grief I left my cottage door,
And sad will be my welcome home.

[Retires 3d Ent. R.
[The distant chimes from the village are heard.

Re-enter FLORINE, LISETTE, and Peasant, R.

All. Hush! Hush! how soft and clear,
That distant chime is echoed here.

Ding dong, ding dong, it seems to say,
The darkest hour may pass away,
The saddest heart, again be gay.

Ding dong, &c. [Exit Peasant, R.

Enter LA ROCHE, L.

La Ro. This may be a more troublesome business than even I suspected, but they shall know nothing of the matter at present. Well, my good girls, [Crosses to c.] I was a little mistaken in the purport of this letter; we have got no leave of absence yet; but, my son is Colonel of Edward's regiment, so you may keep up your spirits and hope the best.

Flo. Oh! sir! you are always so kind. [Kissing his hand.

Lis. And we are so much obliged, so grateful.

[Kissing the other.

Val. [Appearing suddenly, glass in hand.] Holloa ! rear rank, take open order !

La Ro. Confound that fellow. I'm always out of luck.

[The young women utter an exclamation of surprise, and run off, Lisette to the farm, Florine to the house.

Val. So now the light troops are dispersed, we may talk of state affairs ; I find your favourite little widow as full of plots as a prime minister.

La Ro. What ! has she told you ?

Val. All. Your son, the gallant Colonel La Roche, is expected within a few hours, after an absence of ten years ; he returns under a fictitious name, for the purpose of seeing a girl whom he loved when he was a boy, but whom he fears may not now suit him as a wife.

La Ro. Exactly so.

Val. This young lady's name was Maria.

La Ro. Yes ; and Maria is no other than the young widow of old General Germance, retaining all her first affection for my son—but, as he knows nothing of her change of circumstances, and will scarcely remember the humble Maria, in the fashionable widow, she means to play him trick for trick, and shew herself as she is, before he sees her as she was. 'Twas I let her into the secret of his return, or the rogue might have taken her at a disadvantage.

Val. Quite a little romance, I protest.

La Ro. The only difficulty is, how to stop my son Henry before he passes the frontier.

Val. The widow and I have settled all that. I mean to way-lay him, demand his passport with all the authority of a jack in office, swear that he and his papers are very suspicious, and seize upon Mr. Albert Zug Zigarman as contraband goods. Zigarman, what an odd name he has chosen.

La Ro. Off with you, Valcour ; and till you return I'll have another touch at the Marshal about poor Edward ; he has got himself [crosses to R.] into a devil of a scrape : there, read that as you go along [giving him the letter], and d'ye hear, don't play any of your mischievous pranks [Imitates Valcour's manner of kissing his hand to the girls.] O, fie ! fie !

[Exit La Roche.

[As La Roche enters the house [n.], Edward appears from behind the rock on which Valcour was seated, sketching. *Edw.* I surely heard my name.

Val. So, [having looked at the letter,] Edward Malaise has deserted !

Edw. Ah! is it known already?

Val. And the pretty widow is expecting, in her first lover, the very man who is Colonel of Edward's regiment.

Edw. Heavens! Colonel La Roche expected here!

Val. The Captain may think that circumstance in his favour—I do not. Holloa! my fine fellow, who are you?

Edw. A friend of that Edward Malaise, Sir, of whom you were speaking.

Val. Indeed!

Edw. Yes. I knew him in Paris; he was unhappy, restless, wretched.

Val. Unhappy in Paris! what a queer fellow; why it's the very emporium of felicity! Oh, when shall I bask again under the delightful shades of the Italian Boulevards, taste the delicious dust of the Champs Elysées, and recruit my exhausted spirits at Tortoni's, Véry's, or the Café des Mille Colonnes!

Edw. May I ask if an order is given for his arrest?

Val. It is, and a description of his person published: by the way forgot to read that—"five feet eleven—brown complexion—good figure; had on, when he left his quarters, blue jacket, white trousers." Eh! (*looking at Edward*) foraging cap—Tis he, the very man.

Edw. [*who has been musing*] I should hope his services would operate in his favour; they say he did his duty like a brave soldier!

Val. He did; but he has cancelled his good name by a serious fault.

Edw. Could not the Colonel's interest avail him? I have heard they were foster-brothers?

Val. And for that very reason, he ~~would~~ be accused of partiality and of an undue extension of his power. No, the Colonel dare not befriend him, if he could; but I will, if I can!

Edw. [*Grasping his hand.*] Will you! I thank you; thank you for my poor friend!

Val. Oh, 'tis he to a certainty—[*Looking at his watch*] ten o'clock: I must be off—if you should see Edward, bid him keep out of the way, till he may appear with safety; above all, let him change the dress in which he left Paris. Zounds, I must row as if for a wager; here, give us a shove off, will you?

[*Edward assists Valcour, who immediately after is seen in perspective, rowing rapidly across. Edward is again in front.*

Edw. The delirium has passed, and the consequences of

my error' flash on my mind ; 'tis too late to repair it. I shall at least see once more those I love, and breathe my last sigh in the cherished land of my birth.

SONG.

When the pilgrim returns
 From a far distant shrine,
 To the home that he loves,
 As I dearly love mine ;
 Though wayworn—expiring,
 He sinks to the earth,
 With rapture he'll cry,
 'Tis the land of my birth !

To my own humble shed,
 Like the pilgrim I turn,
 And if death be my lot,
 All its terrors I'll spurn ;
 And with extacy cry,
 Ere I sink to the earth,
 "I, at least, find a grave,
 In the land of my birth !"

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the House of Madame Germance.*

Enter Madame GERMANCE and FLORINE.

Mad. G. Well, Florine, I think my gentleman will scarcely know the little girl of Savoy, under all this Parisian finery.

Flo. Whether he does or not, Madam, I'll answer for its effect.

Mad. G. My courage almost fails me ; it is ten years since I saw him.

Flo. Ten years ?

Mad. G. I was only fourteen when he left Savoy. Since then, in distant countries, and in active service, he has risen from an ensign to a Colonel, can I wonder if he has forgotten poor Maria ?

Flo. I beg your pardon, Ma'am ; but did not poor Maria forget him a little when she married General Germance ?

Mad. G. Never, Florine, never ; when I gave my hand to the kind old General, he knew I had no heart to give with it ; but as Henry is ignorant of that marriage, I wish to see him as I am, before he arrives at his father's house, to whose protection he believed I retired on the death of my parents.

Flo. I understand, Madam, you think a colonel may be ashamed of a wife that an ensign might have been proud of.

Mad. G. Just so, Florine ; but his contrivance of surprising me under a feigned name, will suit my purpose as well as his ; he comes as a spy, and I'll treat him accordingly.

Enter LA ROCHE, L.

La Ro. Ah, my dear Maria ! Well, upon my word, you are armed *cap-a-pie*. If all those outworks, and *chevaux-de-frise*, do not puzzle Mr. Albert Zigarman, he's a cleverer fellow than I take him for. Why, you are a perfect masked battery—a volley from those bright eyes will do for him at once !

Mad. G. You think, then, I look tolerably.

La Ro. Tolerably ! intolerably, irresistibly killing ; if he doesn't ground arms, or fly, he's a dead man. I hope Valcour will succeed in detaining him tho'. Look out, Florine, and give notice of their approach ; but not a word of our secret [*Exit Florine*]. I must keep out of the way till your first manœuvre has thrown him into confusion.

Mad. G. Ah, I fear, in either character, he may think me unworthy ; if I win him as the widow, I make him unfaithful to Maria !

La Ro. You'll have two strings to your bow at all events. Unworthy indeed ! after all, you didn't marry by your own desire. The circumstances were peculiar and honourable to both parties ; your poor father was at the point of death, I was obliged to leave the country ; the old General was our dear and mutual friend, and thought marrying you was the best way of affording you protection, it was a matter of kindness not passion ; you were poor—he was rich—so he gave you education, accomplishments, and rank—you gave him gratitude, obedience, and your hand. He made you first his wife, and then his widow ; what could he do more to oblige you, except leaving you £3000 a year ? and the devil's in it, if my son Henry can find fault with that.

Mad. G. Still I am a widow !

La Ro. So much the better for him, and none the worse for you. What ups and downs and changes in life there are ! Who'd have thought, when I sent my son off, a simple ensign with only ten pounds in his pocket, he should return a Colonel of Chasseurs !

Mad. G. When did you see him, Sir ?

La Ro. Two months ago, in Paris—flew to embrace him with all the affection of a fond father—there I found him surrounded by his officers, and so covered with honours, that curse me if I didn't make him a low bow ; and when he stuck out his paw, was almost afraid to shake hands with my own son.

Mad. G. How could you behave so coldly ?

La Ro. Ah, I dare say you'd have done it more warmly, but mine was only the effect of military habit ; for when he exclaimed, Father, my dear father !—Oh, I was in his arms in a moment, blubbering like an old woman ; can't bear to think of this tho'—never disgraced myself so much, since I was a soldier.

Enter FLORINE, L.

Mad. G. Well, Florine ?

Flor. They are coming, Ma'am ; I went to the brow of the hill, and saw three persons turn this way from the road !

La Ro. From the road, why it's half a mile off.

Flo. But I couldn't be mistaken in Mr. Valcour, Sir !

La Ro. Oh, that settles it, all the girls in the country know that fellow !

Mad. G. Wait for them on the terrace, Florine, and let me know [*Exit Florine*]. Heigho, I begin to tremble.

La Ro. Tremble. If you are seized with a panic now, we are countermined and blown as high as Mont Blanc ! tremble before Mr. Zigarman ! never fear, as maid, wife, or widow ; take my word for it, you are a match for any of them. [*Exit La Roche, L.*

Mad. G. All's well again, and my heart throbs with delight.

SONG.

Come, my gallant soldier, come,
Leave the proud embattled field,
Shrilly fife and rolling drum ;
All the pleasures, war can yield.
Quickly come, again behold
The happy land where thou wert born ;
And hear its music, sweet and bold,
The merry mountain horn.

Yhu-el-o, &c.

The merry mountain horn.
In thy native valley find,
Far away from pomp and power,
Constant love, and peace of mind,
Here in bright affection's bower.
Quickly come, &c. [*Exit Mad. Germance, u.*

SCENE III.—*The terrace of Madame Germance's house, and the distant country.* Valcour enters in altercation with Colonel Henry La Roche, who is in plain clothes, and Bronze in livery.

Hen. Sir, I insist on knowing why I am detained?

Val. Tut, tut, tut, all in good time; your papers are by no means satisfactory, Mr. Sugarman.

Hen. For whom then do you take me?

Val. A grocer, or a tobacconist, cigar man, perhaps—

Hen. Pshaw—was ever any thing so vexatious? in sight of my father's house to be stopped by this puppy! my whole project may be defeated! [*Apart.*]

Enter Florine.

Val. Oh! young woman, tell your master, I have brought a person for examination.

Flo. My master!—my master is not at home, sir!

Val. Well, your mistress then, she'll do better; she has the eye of an eagle for smuggled goods; she'll soon discover if there be any underhand proceedings.

Flo. Who shall I say, sir?

Val. The gentleman calls himself Sugarman, no Jiggarman; pho—confound his cognomen, there's no pronouncing it, Zigarman—Zigarman, that's it.

Flo. Dear me, what an ugly name for [*Aside.*] such a handsome man! Oh, he'll do very well. [*Exit Florine, r.*]

Val. Yes, ugly enough; and what's more, I don't believe it belongs to him.

Hen. Why, you impudent scoundrel!

Val. Tut, tut—take care, sir, how you insult the constituted authorities. Are you prepared to affirm, on oath, that your name is actually Zug—Zig—Zigarman? as for this fellow, Peter Bronze, he may go—I could swear his name is correct, 'tis written on his forehead.

Bro. Why, you impudent Custom House coxcomb!

Hen. Tell me, sir, at once, where the devil you have brought me, and for what purpose? who does this house belong to?

Bro. Ay, sir, who does this house belong to?

Hen. Speak, sir!

Val. This house, sir, belongs to a person whom I have a strong suspicion will soon have you in close custody, bind you to your good behaviour for life, and—

Hen. Whom do you mean, sir?

Bro. Aye, sir, whom do you mean?

Val. The Mayor! the Mayor; so I leave you to your fate.

[*Exit Valcour.*]

Hen. The Mayor !

Bro. The Mayor ! so then I may have the honour of sitting, side by side, with my master at dinner to day !

Hen. With me, sirrah, where ?

Bro. In the stocks, sir ; depend upon it, we shall receive some personal indignity unless we disclose our rank and consequence.

Hen. What ! forego the very purpose for which I concealed my name ?

Bro. Why, you must marry the little Savoyard sooner or later, sir—

Hen. Never ; I should be sorry to vex my father ; but such a union would be preposterous.—How could I present an uneducated girl to a brilliant assemblage as the wife of Colonel La Roche ?

Bro. Our pride would be hurt certainly !

Hen. When they converse on fashion, taste, and the haut ton, she will talk of nothing but cows, cream, and country cousins—

Bro. Oh, barbarous !

Hen. Then at a ball, or a concert, instead of an elegant quadrille, she'll treat them with some barbarous antic by way of a dance ; and for an air of Rossini's substitute one of our national melodies, as they are called.

Bro. [Imitating.] Ya-aoup—oh, excruciating—no, no, we cannot marry the Savoyard !

Hen. Silence, sir ; this familiarity is offensive ; you presume too much on your long service and the licence I have incautiously permitted.

Bro. Beg pardon, sir ; in your own character I am all respect ; and if in a moment of enthusiasm—

Hen. Psha—but where are these people, are we to be kept here all day ?

Bro. Halloo ! house, halloo ! [Enter Madame GERMANCE.] Beg pardon, ma'am, it was only my enthusiasm.

Hen. [Aside.] Heavens ! what a creature !

Mad. G. [Aside] Still the same—how handsome he must look in his uniform !

Bro. [Aside to Henry.] It's the Lady Mayoress.

Hen. Get along, you scoundrel.

Bro. Oho ! I see—if I meet the mayor, sir, shall I tell him how impatient you are [Henry stamps] Oh,—

[Exit Bronze.]

Mad. G. I am sorry, sir, to have kept you waiting so long ; I understand you wish to see the Mayor ?

Hen. By no means, madam ; his agent, perhaps, can

relieve me from my present difficulties ; but I can have no wish to be released while I have the happiness of being with you.

Mad. G. At this moment, I am his agent, sir ; your compliment was unintentional, but I have too much of my sex's vanity not to think I deserve it.

Hen. [Aside.] She expresses herself with a grace and propriety truly elegant.

Mad. G. Your papers, I am told, want some formalities ?

Hen. I am told so too, ma'am.

Mad. G. If you will trust them with me, you will soon be enabled to pursue your journey.

Hen. Here they are, madam,—but I am in no haste whatever,—I can wait with the greatest pleasure.—The chief magistrate possesses a most effectual means of making travellers patient.

Mad. G. You appear to mistake, sir,—I am not the magistrate's wife.

Hen. Not ! I have been strangely in error ; whose then, madam, may I presume to ask ?

Mad. G. No one's, sir,—I am—a widow.

Hen. A widow ! so young and lovely, and—[looks round.]

Mad. G. [She looks at him aside, and beckons Florine, who enters R.] Florine, take these papers to be signed, and be sure to—[Aside]—be as long about it as you can. [Exit Florine.] Are you proceeding to Italy, Mr. ——

Hen. No, madam, I have some thoughts of finishing my journey here.

Mad. G. You possess property then in this neighbourhood ?

Hen. Only the cabin in which I was born, and in which my father now resides.

Mad. G. And, is a wish to see your father the sole motive of your journey ?

Hen. My only motive, madam—she's dev'lish curious, but that is natural to them all.

Mad. G. Pray excuse me ; my observations may seem intrusive ; but, notwithstanding our respect and tenderness for our parents, our happiness at again beholding the paternal roof,—there are feelings which speak to the heart with a softer eloquence,—no sensation is so delightful, or so touching, as when we return to one who first taught us what it was to love !

Hen. [Aside.] Upon my soul she's charming.

Mad. G. For myself, I own I never pass the dwellings of my first friends without the fondest recollections, and

amid all the gratifications of pride and fortune, still regret the peaceful hours passed in my native village—where I was poor, but happy—for he I loved was there!—

Hen. [Aside.] This is very singular—I feel a sort of—by Heaven I'm enchanted—

Mad. G. And yet a first love is seldom lasting.

Hen. That, madam, is the only point in which I think I can differ with you.

Mad. G. Are you fond of music?

Hen. Music! it is my passion.

Mad. G. Then I may express my meaning more clearly, if I have your permission, Mr. Zigerman.

Hen. Oh, curse that name—it will ruin me every way.

SONG.

Ah! no, first love is but a name,
It blazes brightly, then expires!
With each new object 'tis the same,
That fickle, fickle man desires.
If for a village maid he burns,
He'll swear there's none on earth so pretty!
And when he wins her, quickly turns
To some fair damsel of the city!

Ah! no, no, no, first love, &c.

Ah! no, first love is gone and past
Ere fond affection's tale is told;
The flame is far too bright to last,
It dies like winter's sun-beam cold:
Man's like the bee that roves at will,
From flow'r to flow'r inconstant ranges,
But woman's heart is faithful still,
She loves but once, and never changes.

Ah! no, no, no, first love, &c.

Mad. G. But these are recollections in which you can take no interest—I see you are impatient to be gone, therefore, I'll inquire about your passport myself. [*Exit, L.*

Hen. Not at all—I beg—I entreat—I—'s death, I am in love, irretrievably in love; there's a charm and sensibility about her voice and manner that—

Enter BRONZE.

Bro. Sir, sir!

Hen. Well, what brings you?

Bro. Great news, sir,—do you know where you are?

Hen. In the house of an exquisite woman, full of spirit, grace, and talent—a widow—

Bro. With three thousand a year, she whose marriage with old General Germance made so much talk when we were in Spain.—

Hen. General Germance—why he was eighty ! O, here I stick !

Bro. I thought so—here we stick !

Hen. I shall write to my father, and—

Bro. I'll carry the letter.

Hen. Propose to the widow before I leave the house—

Bro. I to the maid.

Hen. And replace the general forthwith !

Bro. Yes, yes ! we'll replace the general forthwith.

Hen. Silence, scoundrel !

Bro. Beg pardon, sir ; it was only my enthusiasm. [Ex. L.]

Enter Madame GERMANCE, with papers.

Mad. G. Here are your passport and your papers ; there is now nothing to detain you : you are desirous to see your father, Mr. Zigarman, and I have urgent business with Colonel La Roche.

Hen. Colonel La Roche !

Mad. G. Yes, we expect him every hour. Do you know him, sir ?

Hen. Yes, madam, he is my most intimate friend.

Mad. G. Captain La Roche, his respectable father, has just informed me that the colonel's regiment is ordered to the frontier.

Hen. Is Captain La Roche in this house, madam ?

Mad. G. In the next apartment, sir. He tells me, too, that Marshal de Grancy is expected ; and among so many friends, I am in hopes to obtain pardon for a young man of this country called Edward.

Hen. Edward ! not Edward Malaise, a serjeant in the chasseurs ?

Mad. G. The same, sir : he is the lover of Florine, and heart-broken at being refused leave of absence, has rashly left his regiment.

Hen. Rashly, indeed ! The marshal himself has not power to save him.

Mad. G. Oh, do not say that ;—consider his gallantry, his services. If, indeed, his case be desperate, I would purchase the life of a fellow-creature with hand, heart, and fortune !

Hen. Would you, indeed ? [Aside] How charmingly she pleads !

Mad. G. Ah, my dear, dear sir, you know not the pangs of a heart bereaved of its fondest hope !

Enter VALCOUR.

Va!. I hope I don't make one too many here ?

Hen. Intrusive fool ! My father too !—but he will not betray me.

Enter LA ROCHE.

La Ro. Ah, Zigarman [crosses to Henry], I'm as glad to see you as if you were my own son ! You could not have arrived at a better time ! [Aside.] We'll be off to Maria directly.

Hen. Talk not of Maria, sir!—your charming friend has excited an interest that—

La Ro. Oho !

Hen. She tells me that Edward has deserted.

La Ro. That's true ;—but as my son commands the regiment, you know we can soon settle that matter.

Hen. Impossible !

All. How impossible ?

La Ro. Impossible !—that shall be tried, sir ! The marshal is my friend ; he has done for my son what I did for him—taught him to be a soldier and a hero ! De Grancy is not ungrateful ; nor shall you make me believe that my son has no power to grant, by an act of mercy, the only favour I ever solicited, in return for all my care and affection !

Hen. I should, indeed, do your son great injustice to suppose so ; but your knowledge of the service, captain, must make you well aware that a colonel's powers are limited.

La Ro. Ah, there it is—captain and colonel—all fine fellows ! I might have called myself general, if I had been fool enough to accept a rank for which I was not qualified. I refused promotion over and over again. No, no—I would not let them spoil a dev'lish good captain, to make a damn'd bad general ; and see, I too wear my honours without a blemish. But if saving a poor fellow's life wouldn't be considered the brightest honour of the bunch, I'd tear them from my breast as a disgrace to the name of soldier !

Hen. My brave, my gallant father !

Mad. G. Father !

Val. His father ! [Aside to her.] I suppose we must be all very much surprised.

La Ro. You are a pretty fellow for a commanding officer, can't keep your own secret.

Hen. It matters not, sir. This business of Edward's distresses me. As to Maria, I may still see her as I am,

if this lady will pardon a deception which she may consider treason against her sex.

Mad. G. Oh, sir, pray make no apologies ; you may find that deceptions are often practised by us. [He kisses her hand, she turns aside, and sighs.] [Aside.] Oh, dear, he has quite unsettled me !

Hen. And may I depend on the secrecy of this gentleman ?

Val. Oh, certainly, you may depend upon me, Colonel Sugarman.

Enter BRONZE.

Bro. Oh, sir, there's more news !—I beg pardon ; but I'm overpowered with enthusiasm.

La Ro. Speak out, fellow !

Bro. The troops are arriving from all points to the sound of drum and bugle : in half an hour the hills will be covered with tents.

La Ro. So suddenly, and in such numbers !—then De Grancy will soon be here.

Bro. The marshal, your honour ?—he's come.

La Ro. Is he ! then all may be well yet.

FINALE.

[Col. Henry goes off, followed by Bronze, as Lisette, villagers, &c. appear on the terrace ; Florine enters at the side, meeting Lisette, who appears to tell her the news.

Mad. G. { Oh, what delight when the heart's at rest,
Flo. { And the dangers and troubles are over,
Lis. { Of those that are dear, to be fondly press'd
 { In the arms of a friend or a lover.

La Ro. Like a jolly old soul.
O'er a bottle or bowl,
What deeds I'll relate of my last campaign ;
With a soldier's delight,
Then my battles I'll fight
Over and over, and over again !

Flo. & Lis. Oh what delight, &c.

Mad. G. If Henry should prove
A traitor in love,
I'm sure his Maria will never complain,
While she hears him repeat
At the fair widow's feet
All the vows that he swore to her over again.

Chorus. Oh, what delight, &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Outskirts of the Village. Tents pitched on the Hills. Troops seen in perspective, winding through the different passes in detachments. The Encampment is increased as they take up their ground. At a nearer point, a party in half-dress with knapsacks are seen approaching. **FLORINE, LISETTE, and Villagers.** Some are discovered, others enter as the movements proceed.

QUARTETTE and SEMI-CHORUS.

Seeking now their native valley,
Friends and brothers homeward come ;
Marching down the mountaine gaily,
To the merry fife and drum.

While the warrior band advancing,
Reach, at length, their tented ground ;
And the glorious sight entrancing,
Pennons wave and trumpets sound !

Seeking now, &c. &c.

[At the close, the sound of a horn is heard.

Lis. Hark ! there is somebody trying to play the Ranz des Vaches.

Flo. 'Tis a signal from one of our friends ; Natz, or Edward, perhaps ; it may be possible—but what is the matter, Lisette ?

Lis. I am thinking.

Flo. Thinking about what ?

Lis. The fact is, Florine, that while you are in a fidget for fear your lover should not return, I am in a terrible fright for fear mine should. Though he is your cousin, I must say little Natz is not at all genteel. Not at all like Mr. Valcour, or so gallant as the old Captain.

Flo. Ah ! but he has been a soldier, and that makes a wonderful improvement.

Lis. Wonderful, indeed, if it has improved Natz ; they must have been sadly at a loss for men when they made him a soldier.

[The horn is again heard close without ; and Natz appears at the head of his party, on the elevated path that leads behind one of the cottages.

Natz. Ah, ah ! I thought my horn would bring you all out. How d'ye do, Lisette ? how d'ye do, Florine ? come on lads. [They kiss hands, &c., as Natz and party pass on.

Lis. Well, who'd have thought that being a soldier could have made such a difference.

Flo. I told you so. [The Villagers hail the party, as they appear in front, helping off knapsacks, &c.]

Lis. [To NATZ, shaking hands.] Why, Natz ! how you are altered ? you went away looking like a goose, and come back strutting like a bantam.

Natz. Ah, see what travelling does for a body. I used to waddle after you like a duck after a dairy maid ; but now I'm a gentleman. [He shakes hands with Flo.]

Lis. A gentleman ! well, I declare, I don't hate him half so much as I intended. You, the little chubby headed cow boy !

Natz. Cow boy ! I'm a military man, retired after long and hard service. But I'm not changed in one respect ; I'm as fond of you as ever, Lisette. Tho' I'm up in the world, I'm not proud. I never look down on my friends ; no—no—you'll find me a man of honour. [Turns to group.]

Lis. A man of honour !

Natz. [To villagers.] Here, help us off, will you ? Ah, Mother Kettle, how are you ? What ! old Puffandblow-enschwartz, are you alive ! [He opens his knapsack.]

Lis. A man of honour ! there's a flourish ; did you hear that, Florine ?

Flo. He may be a little vain ; but, at all events, he is faithful.

Lis. Well, so am I *faithfid*. I promised to love him ! til he came back—but not after.

Natz. [Giving them presents.] There, Lisette, that's all for you ; and there's a true-lover's knot for Florine, and tho' last, not least—[taking off many papers.]

Lis. Not least, why it seems very small ?

Natz. There ! [producing it] there's a wedding ring.

Lis. And who is that for ?

Natz. Why, for you to be sure.

Lis. O thank you, Natz, I'm so much obliged—but I'm not going to be married yet.

Natz. I hope it won't be long first.

Lis. So do I ; but he has not fixed the day yet.

Natz. He ! Who the devil's he ? I wear a sword—sometimes. O, 'tis a hint for me not to stand shilly shally. [He takes out some letters]

Lis. What are those papers ?

Natz. Letters, for a wild young chap that spent too much money in Paris, and came to nurse somewhere hereabouts—one Mr. Valcour.

Lis. Mr. Valcour ! I'll take care of them—how delighted he will be !

Natz. What, you know him then ?

Lis. Yes,—he's a very particular friend of mine.

Natz. Indeed ! I say, Florine, what does she mean ?

Lis. [Reading] "For the Chevalier Valcour." Ah, I wish he was not a chevalier—this is a woman's hand, and this too—Oh, dear [sighs.]

Flo. And have you no news for me, Natz—no token of remembrance from Edward ?

Natz. Why, you know Edward was not in my regiment. He was a Chasseur—I belonged to the Grenadiers.

Lis. The Grenadiers ! and never got wounded ?

Natz. No. I was very anxious to distinguish myself; but whenever a dangerous expedition was talked of, I always had the misfortune to be taken ill. Edward was the lucky man, he has got four wounds already.

Flo. But he is well and happy.

Natz. [Aside.] I must not tell her what has happened. Oh, yes, very well, but not in very good spirits [aside]. If I don't get out of this talk, I shall make one of my cowboy blunders. Come, comrades, let us wash the dust out of our throats with a glass of good wine. Lauk, how I long to see my cows. Is Crummy alive ? and Corney ?

Lis. Both, they are the pride of the farm.

Natz. Then, I'll deck'em out with bells and ribbons as fine as a couple of recruiting serjeants—and give 'em such a call on my horn,—I dare say they'll know it again [He blows, and ends in a barbarous note]—there's for you ; I can blow just as sweetly as ever, only I am rather out of wind. Come along, neighbours, I'll stand treat.

[*Exeunt Natz and companions with villagers, laughing and talking.*

Lis. Now, then, I'll go and give these letters to Mr. Valcour. I wonder what he'll give me for my trouble. [*Exit Lis.*

Flo. All, all, are happy but poor Florine.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Florine !

Flo. O then, I too am happy !

Edw. At last I have found you alone.

Flo. Then you obtained leave after all.

Edw. Leave—yes—yes—I have left Paris—but that is past—we must not speak of that now.

Flo. How kind of Captain La Roche to make such

interest with the Marshal, and how pleased the Colonel will be to see you here !

Edw. Here ! the Colonel—is he arrived ?

Flo. Oh, yes, and Natz, and all the young lads that went with him ; but not one of them has behaved like you.

Edw. Like me, what have they said—who told you ?

Flo. Every body—not a tongue is silent.

Edw. Indeed !

Flo. Can you doubt it ? your conduct and courage are the boast of the village—but you are pale, and—oh ! tell me what has happened, you are unhappy !

Edw. Unhappy ! returning to her I so dearly love !

Flo. Yes, you cannot deceive me, Edward.

Edw. Well—you shall know all. During the campaign I bore the privations of a soldier with patience, if not with pleasure. I did my duty and was happy. But returned to Paris, all excitement ended—a desire to revisit the place of my nativity ; to hear again the echo of the Ranz des Vaches, renewed all my regrets ; my waking thoughts, my nightly dreams, were of my country. I panted for the mountain breeze, to cool my fevered brain—the smile of my Florine to cheer my drooping heart ; and the soldier, who in the face of death never trembled, became as a child that wept and wailed for its absent mother.

Flo. Such feelings are common to all our countrymen ; but you subdued them !

Edw. No—every thing conspired to make me wretched ; my comrades were about to return, I was to remain. I asked leave to join them, my application was rejected ; at that moment I heard in the distance our favourite national air—it was Natz and his companions preparing to set forth. I could not bear it—I was bewildered. I had no definite object, but I left Paris on the instant.

Flo. And if your absence is prolonged, you may be considered—a deserter ?

Edw. Too certainly.

Flo. Then we must procure a substitute instantly. I'll speak to my mother and Lisette—they surely know some one, who, for money, will supply your place—do not despond, dear Edward. Come into our cottage—[going.]

Edw. I have not the heart to tell her that twenty substitutes could not save my life—yet, here I linger as if fascinated in the midst of danger. [*Symphony of Duett commences.*] The very air I have known from my childhood.

DUETT, and semi-chorus without.

Voices. { Hark ! hark ! 'tis the Ranz des Vaches !
 { Hark ! 'tis the merry Ranz des Vaches !

Edw. How oft to that wild note I've sung
 On some lone rock, in childhood, seated,
 Whilst hill and dale responsive rung,
 And echo still the note repeated.

Voices. Hark ! hark ! &c.

Flo. Again upon the mountain's brow,
 Together, love, we'll carrol lightly ;
 And tho' a cloud is passing now,
 The sun may shine again as brightly.

Both. { Hark ! hark ! 'twas the Ranz des Vaches !
 { Hark ! 'twas the merry Ranz des Vaches !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Nearer view of part of the previous Scene.*

The Cottage to which Edw. and Flo. retire, prominent.

Enter HENRY and VALCOUR.

Hen. And you really are not an officer of the Douane ?

Val. No, Colonel ; I am the Chevalier Charles Valcour, at your service ; but you must pardon the trick, in consideration of its motive.—Your worthy father wished to ascertain from yourself the probable fate of poor Edward, before your mind, as he said, was more tenderly occupied.

Hen. Then you are in my father's confidence, sir ?

Val. I presume not to say that ; but his friendship is an honour to any man. I became acquainted with him in Paris—dear delightful Paris !—the only place to live in for a man of *great* taste and *small* means.

Hen. Why then did you retire to this land of solitude—amid mountains and cataracts, the avalanche, and the thunder-storm ?

Val. Because I retired from another storm that teem'd with great horrors ; I gave so many small parties of an evening, that I soon had too many visitors in a morning—gentlemen with their *small* accounts—so I took offence, and the very next morning—

Hen. You took leave, I suppose.

Val. Exactly ; “French leave,” as those impudent Englishmen call it ; and, by way of pastime, I made love to the widow.

Hen. The devil !

Val. An angel ! and, therefore, not come-at-able ; she was irretrievably engaged.

Hen. Engaged!—did you say,—the widow engaged?

Val. Fixed as fate!—You may as well attempt to carry off Mount Blanc in your waistcoat pocket, as move her. Then I got acquainted with a charming girl called Maria—

Hen. Maria!—well, you proposed—[*Eagerly*]—

Val. Oh, yes—I *always* propose; but she was engaged too,—pledged, plighted, and promised to some raw awkward fellow, that left her years ago to seek his fortune, and there she has him under black and white—“If you loves I, as I love you, there’s nought but death shall part we two!”—ha! ha!

Hen. [*Aside.*] Every word he says, stings me to the quick.

Val. By the way, that promise to marry without inclination, is as bad as a promise to pay—without cash. Don’t you think so? [*Henry turns aside fretfully.*] Poor fellow, how it works him!

Enter BRONZE.

Hen. Again! who sent you, sir?

Bro. Your honour’s father, sir. I have taken our luggage to his house, and he is now all impatience that Mr. Zigarman should visit a certain young lady, one Maria, whom he seems to think a nonpareil. I dare say, she’s no more to be compared to our widow, than a pippin is to a peach.

Hen. Your opinions are impertinent, sirrah. Tell my father I am coming—[*Aside*]—like a convict to the gallies; but I’ll break off this affair with Maria at once, and devote the remainder of my time entirely to that charming—Why don’t you go, sir?

Bro. Only delivered half my message yet, sir.

Hen. Out with it, then.

Bro. The marshal has issued an order for all officers on leave to appear at head-quarters, and resume their command; at day-break we march. I am all enthusiasm.

Hen. Curse your enthusiasm.

[*Exit Henry, following Bronze, who, starting from him, runs against Lisette, who enters at the moment.*

Lis. Lord bless the men! somehow or other, I can never keep out of their way. [*Looking after Bronze, runs against Valcour.*] Oh, Mr. Charles—I have been looking for you—here are two letters.

Val. For me!—letters—my dear Lisette—[*Spreading his arms to embrace her*]—no—honour—much obliged to you, Lisette.

Lis. “Much obliged!” and is that all? I shall hear

him read the letters tho'—he always reads them out like a newspaper.

Val. Ah ! 'tis from her sure enough ! “ Ever dearest Charles, miserable, wretched, distracted,”—I thought so, poor thing,—“ without you inconsolable,”—eh ! —“ length of time and distance—pressing entreaties,” married another ! oh, very well—it saves trouble.

Lis. What a false-hearted good-for-nothing creature ! If I had such a lover, I am sure—he doesn't take the least notice of me !

Val. [Opening the other.] From the Countess. Ah, there my heart's at home ! “ Your affairs are nearly arranged—you may appear in Paris with perfect safety—fly then to the arms of”—oh ! [Kisses the letter, delighted, and turns up the stage.]

Lis. [Who expresses joy at first, and dismay at the last letter.] Oh, dear ! what a fool I was to suppose—but I can be as true to my little Natz as a Countess can to a Chevalier.

[Valcour appears be attracted by some object without.

Val. Ey ! a party of soldiers on the watch ! Edward was surely not mad enough to remain here ! Lisette, have you seen your brother ?

Lis. My brother !

Enter EDWARD and FLORINE.

Edw. Ah, my dear sister !

Lis. Edward !

Val. Silence ! how unfortunate !

Flo. Oh, Lisette, he has confessed he has come without leave !

Val. Why did you linger here, after my caution, and in the same dress too ?

Edw. There is no retreat, they see me.

Val. Now, give me that jacket and cap, [Watching them] and as you love your life—as you love Florine, keep out of the way till something can be done to serve you. There, away, quick,—if they turn the corner you are lost.

[Edward goes off with Valcour's coat and hat in his possession as the soldiers enter. Valcour adjusts his cap, and assumes a gay air.]

Cor. That's him.

Val. Tol de lol rol ! [Aside.] Shew no fear, and there will be no danger—Come along, my pretty girls.

Cor. Halt ; I am sorry to spoil sport, comrade, but I must arrest you !

Val. For how much ?

Cor. More than you will like to pay, I fear.

Val. Pho ! pho ! who d'ye take me for ?

Cor. A deserter.

Val. Then you have missed your man ;—this is the only corps I ever belonged to [looking at the girls, who have each taken an arm]—and I would not desert one of my comrades to be made a drum-major.—Come along, my darlings.

Cor. Not so fast.

Enter LA ROCHE, in uniform.

La Ro. Holloa ! what is the matter here ? [Valeour turns away.]

Cor. The young man that deserted from the Chasseurs, Edward Malaise.

La Ro. Indeed ! I am sorry for it ; I was on my way to plead for him to the marshal—unfortunate young man !

Val. Unfortunate, Captain, with one under each arm ?

La Ro. Eh ! what the devil ! two at a time !—you deserve to be shot.

Cor. I thought so,—seize him comrades.

La Ro. What do you mean ? this is not your man.

Cor. Is your honour sure of that ?

La Ro. You may take my word, Corporal.

Cor. That's enough ; Captain La Roche's word was never doubted yet, and we are not sorry to be mistaken. Edward Malaise is the pride of his regiment—wish your honour good day. [*Exeunt Corporal and party.*]

La Ro. Good day, corporal.

Val. Now, Florine, return directly to your mistress ; he is safe for the present. [*Exit Florine.*]

Lis. And I'll go and coax little Natz to be his substitute.

La Ro. What has happened ? [*Exit Lisette.*]

Val. Edward has been here, and escaped by the means you see.

La Ro. The fool ! hadn't he bullets enough in his body, but he must run the risk of being shot at like a target ! They will be sure to take him. Come, Valeour, follow me to head-quarters. I'll brush up the marshal. If De Grancy doesn't pardon a good soldier to please me, I'll no longer be a soldier to please him. Come ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The village, with church, part of the bridge, &c.; La Roche's residence is on one side, Maria's chalet on the other, with two trees before it; at the upper end, May-pole decorated with coronets and garlands of flowers*

and ribbons; other picturesque accompaniments, rendering the whole pleasing and lively. Music.

Enter HENRY, BRONZE following.

Hen. Once more, I am in my native village. The pretty widow was right: my heart beats responsive to the fondest recollections;—there is the house in which I was born; there, too, is Maria's—nothing has changed but this fickle heart!—What a lovely scene!

Bro. Charming, sir, to pass through—delightful to look at from our carriage window, but to stay in, much too tranquil to suit my taste. I have no ambition to become the tenant of a tomb, though it be covered with flowers.

Hen. Insensible blockhead!

Bro. No doubt, sir; but I have another serious objection to our residence in this earthly paradise: I should not get perquisites enough to find me in *cass de Cologne*, and that's an article I cannot give up.

Hen. Silence, sir! go in and lay out my things to dress.

Bro. Certainly, sir; but I really cannot find the same enthusiasm that—

[*He flies off to the house as Henry's anger threatens him; at the same time, Madame Germance, in her maiden character of Maria, enters at the upper end with some Savoyard girls, dancing and singing together.*

Now dance and play,

Sing and be gay,

Welcome and joy be to this happy day!

Love is requited,

Friends are united,

Hymen commands, and we all must obey!

Dance, dance away, &c.

Mad. G. Remember, my good girls, we all meet again at the house of Madame Germance. [*Exit Savoyards.*

Dance, dance away, sing and be gay—

Hen. You seem particularly happy, my pretty Savoyard.

Mad. G. Not without good reason, sir.

Hen. What! going to be married?

Mad. G. I hope so, sir. I think it is most time after waiting ten long years.

Hen. Ten years!—why it's she! I remember now—is your name—

Mad. G. Maria, sir—pray what is yours?

Hen. Mine—oh—Zigarman—Albert Zigarman.

Mad. G. Albert Zigarman!—then you are the most confidential friend of Colonel La Roche—you must have heard him mention the name of Maria often.

Hen. Maria—Maria—Oh, yes ! I remember some years ago he did talk of a little girl of Savoy that when he was a boy he used to play at hide and seek with ; they pretended to be lovers, and went through all the ceremony of plighting their troth and so forth ; but they were mere children, and of course never thought of each other after.

Mad. G. Ah, you may find yourself mistaken there, Mr. Zigerman. I am sure Henry has a heart as unchanged as my own.

Hen. [*Aside.*] Confound it ! I must put a stop to these extravagant expectations at once.

Mad. G. But is your friend come—is my dear Henry arrived ?

Hen. Oh, yes ; he has been in the neighbourhood some time, at the house of a most charming little widow.

Mad. G. Yes ; I know his father wished to see him there on particular business. I dare say Henry wished to get every thing off his mind before we meet to part no more.

Hen. [*Aside.*] So confident too ! But the widow seemed to make a very strong impression on his heart. In fact, your dear Henry told me himself that he would make any sacrifice to obtain her. [*Aside.*] I think that will do.

Mad. G. Ah, he only meant that the widow would make any sacrifice to obtain *him*. She is a very sly, artful little body, that widow, but very pretty ; and I am glad Henry was pleased with her, for they say she is something like me.

Hen. You !—you like the widow !—what vanity !—Can't say I see the least resemblance. [*Aside.*] She is right though : there's the very expression ; and if it was not for her eyes, and nose, and—

Mad. G. I long, and yet I fear to see him.

Hen. How so ?

Mad. G. Because, though his heart cannot be changed, his fortunes are. He is now rich, high in rank, with great friends and splendid prospects. I am so sorry !

Hen. Sorry, that the friend of your youth has been so fortunate !

Mad. G. Yes ; for now I shall have no opportunity to prove that I love him for himself alone. It was on this very spot we parted. He was poor, almost friendless ; had he returned so, I could have said to him, Henry, here is still the cottage which my dear father left me—a moderate independence, content, and love unchangeable—take them : all are yours, and Maria will be happier in *this humble state*, than to share the palace of a prince.

Hen. Eh—and do you *really* feel the same attachment as formerly?

Mad. G. Do I?—look at those trees which we planted together on the day of his departure!

Hen. [Glancing round.] There they are, sure enough.

Mad. G. See how fondly their branches seem to unite! could I forget such a memorial?

Hen. The emblem is very striking, certainly. Their union seems as indissoluble as if they had given each other a promise of marriage—by the way, something of that kind, I believe, did actually occur between you and Henry; so that, if you persist, he must marry you in spite of himself.

Mad. G. In spite of himself—no! He shall be free as inclination can make him—see [*producing the promise from her bosom*], I have saved his promise of marriage, not as doubting his fidelity, but as a miser hoards his wealth. 'Tis useless now; and he shall not even suspect me of an unworthy motive—there! [She tears it.]

Hen. What have you done?

Mad. G. Given the only proof left me of sincere, unalterable affection; but I am sure Henry will not forsake me!

Hen. I begin to think so too! [Aside.]

Mad. G. How well I remember the day he gave me that promise—it was a holiday like this—the sun was bright, the bells were ringing, the villagers were assembled, and all was joy and hope!

SONG.

I well remember that sweet hour,
When first my bosom own'd love's power,

And hope a garland wove me;
When Henry held me to his heart,
And fondly cried, tho' now we part,

Dear maid, for life I'll love thee!
Swiftly passed these hours away,
For all was joy that happy day.

Ah, Henry, wilt thou come to me,
As true as I have been to thee,

And never leave me—never!
O, yes, he'll faithful prove I know,
There's something here that tells me so,

He'll soon be mine for ever!
Each sad thought will pass away,
And all be joy this happy day.

Hen. O ! there's an end of the widow—First love has conquered—my sword I'll turn into a shepherd's crook, and take to my arms the most faithful, the most fascinating—

Mad. G. Mr. Zigarman !!

Hen. Mr.—no mister, but—your own fond, and affectionate Henry !

Mad. G. Henry—oh !— [Embraces as Bronze enters.]

Bro. Bless me ! what enthusiasm !

Hen. Again ! dolt !—am I to be eternally tormented by your interruptions ?

[As they separate, Madame Germance glides into the Chalet.]

Bro. Beg pardon, sir ! your regimentals are all ready.

Hen. Confound the regimentals ; but I must obey the order—my dearest Maria—ey—gone !—

Bro. Dearest Maria !—so,—pray sir, what is to become of our widow and three thousand a year ?

Hen. Everlasting furies !—I shall go distracted. [Exit.]

Bro. I see—lost his senses—there is a disorder in this country, I am told, called the *mal du pays*—he has got it—and I shall catch it—poor man—he doesn't know who he speaks to.—

Hen. [Without.] Bronze, where are you, rascal ?

Bro. Rascal—oh ! he knows me, however. [Exit to house.]

LISETTE and NATZ enter, in an altercation, at the upper end.

Natz. It does not signify, before I make a promise I should like to know if I can perform it.

Lis. O ! very well, sir,—if you loved me as you pretend, you would do any thing I ask you, blindfold.

Natz. Blindfold ! I don't know that—I can't bear to be in the dark—I never did any thing with my eyes shut in my life, except fight, and then some how I could never keep them open.

Lis. A pretty sort of a soldier !—but do as I wish you, and I'll renounce all my lovers for your sake.

Natz. Will you !—well, but what is it ?

Lis. Only to go for a soldier a couple of years longer.

Natz. Go for a soldier !—you've taken away my breath—a couple of years too ! She talks of years as if they were afternoons—a pretty thing to propose to a man that hasn't been home a couple of hours—and what for, I should be glad to know ?

Lis. To take my brother Edward's place.

Natz. Well, upon my soul, if that isn't—and so you'd sooner have me shot than him—thank you kindly, I should be a good child, indeed, to be coaxed by such a sugar-plum as that.

Lis. Sir, I have given you a preference that you ought to be proud of, and if you are insensible of the honour, you are unworthy of my affections.

Natz. Don't talk to me of affection—a pretty sort of preference truly—suppose I should get my death by a ball or a bayonet?

Lis. Why then you'll cover yourself with glory.

Natz. Cover'd, yes! I should be so cover'd that nobody would ever find me again—glory be hanged!—though I did happen to be on the sick list whenever there was a row—I mightn't have such luck again—and who is to answer for your being faithful two whole years?

Lis. O, you may trust me—I'll make a vow!—

Natz. I know that—you swore the same thing four years ago—I must have something more substantial.

Lis. Any thing you please, only promise.

Natz. Well then, you shall give me what you have never done before—only one kiss, and the bargain's struck.

Lis. Dear me! what an odd way of signing an agreement!—

Natz. My dear Lisette—[*kisses her.*]—how refreshing! one more and then—[*kisses her again.*] oh! dear—

Lis. Why, Natz—what's the matter?

Natz. O, I can't go, it's impossible—those two kisses have fixed me—I love you too well to leave you.

Lis. [Aside.] Provoking little wretch!—what! break your word—you a man of honour? I always despised, and now, I shall abominate the sight of you [*going.*].

Natz. Now, don't be in your tantarums,—where are you going?

Lis. To get a substitute worth ten such gentlemen as you.

Natz. Well, well, I won't be worse than my word, it wouldn't be handsome after receiving the bounty—you'll go with me to get my knapsack, won't you?

Lis. That I will, and then up to the Major to offer your services.

Natz. Oh, dear! [*begins to blubber.*] This is a cruel hard case.

Lis. Now, don't cry about it, Natty, there's no danger—they only want a man.

Natz. But, I were rated as a boy—oh!

Lis. Still you was a soldier—a grenadier !

Natz. No, I wasn't ; I was only a drummer to the grenadier company—oh ! dear.

Lis. Only a drummer ! I don't wonder that you have never been wounded.

Natz. O, yes I was though—the last time I was in action, I was shot in the drum.

DUET.

Lis. Pr'ythee, Natty, don't ye cry,
Wipe away that foolish tear ;
We'll be married by and bye,
By and bye will soon be here.

Natz. O, you'll break my heart with sorrow,
Isn't this a silly way—
Putting off to do to-morrow,
What you ought to do to-day ?

Lis. [Dancing.] La, ra, la, ra, la !
Both. What a life a lover lives !

Natz. * Tho' I'm little, I'm a good un,
Every day my love increases ;
Why should I eat humble pudding,
Just as cruel woman pleases ?

Lis. Pho ! no matter what you call her,
You may do—upon my life—
Until you grow a little taller,
Very well without a wife.

Oh dear ! oh dear !
What a life a lover lives !

Both. Oh dear, &c.

Lis. Don't you know what care and toil
In the wedded state will mingle ?
Till we can make the pot to boil,
You and I are better single.

Natz. Then what the deuce can love avail ?
Without a mate it's all a hum !
I'm like a fish without a tail,
A drummer-boy without his drum !

Lis. [Dancing.] La, ra, la, ra, la !
Both. What a life a lover lives !

Enter Madame GERMANC from the chalet, in her first dress.

Mad. G. Bless me, Lisette, what is all this distress ?

Lis. Oh ! nothing of consequence, ma'am,—do wipe your eyes.

* Second verse of the Duet omitted in representation.

Natz. Nothing of consequence, indeed!—she wants me to take cousin Edward's place, ma'am, and you know he stands a good chance of being shot for a deserter.

Mad. G. What is this the young soldier, Natz?

Natz. No, ma'am, I'm Natz the cow-boy—d'rat the soldiering, I shall never like the sound of a drum again—If it was only a flogging, I'd do it with pleasure; but to part with her and my two cows, Crummy and Corney, it will break their hearts.

Mad. G. Well, my good friend, depend upon it there shall be no broken hearts to-day, if I can prevent it—you are in no danger while Edward is free,—

Natz. Lauk! that's true—I forgot that—thanky, ma'am.

Mad. G. And remember, as a general's widow, I am not without interest; so go and comfort Florine, and wait the event.

Natz. Thank you kindly, ma'am. Lauk! what a lady! there's a lady—why don't you take pattern by her, Lisette? She talks so comfortably, and she looks so comfortably. Ah! I should soon like her better than all my cows.

Lis. Natty!—how dare you think of such a thing.

[*She beats him off playfully, as he turns thanking Mad. G.*]

Mad. G. Now then for my Colonel—there is an expre-
sible charm in this double conquest. Ah! he comes.

Enter HENRY in full uniform.

Hen. The Widow here!

Mad. G. Colonel La Roche, your most obedient.

Hen. Madam!—I—[*he bows to her in confusion.*]

Mad. G. I trust, Colonel, you have succeeded in obtaining pardon for the unfortunate Edward—you seemed to think the value I set upon his life was not altogether inadequate—"Hand, heart, and fortune."

Hen. [*Aside.*] Ah, 'tis plain, I have committed myself, and she expects an avowal.

Mad. G. I know I have overstepped the bounds of etiquette in my anxiety; but, I could not offer riches without the usual incumbrance.

Hen. Incumbrance! Oh, madam, such charms of mind and person would outweigh the wealth of worlds.

Mad. G. In whose estimation?

Hen. In any man's, madam, that could be found worthy; but there's no such man—not one [*Aside*].—Oh, Maria, save me!—or I am lost.

Mad. G. Suppose, Colonel—that I thought—you worthy?

Hen. Me! Madam, me!—I could not presume to

hope—I mean—to—but I forget. I have been summoned to attend the marshal—and—

Enter VALCOUR.

Val. Has any body seen a pretty widow pass this way? Ah, Madame Germance! and Colonel La Roche, too! I'm delighted to see you together—all's settled, I find. What a happy fellow you are?—but sly, monstrous sly.

Hen. Pray, madam, excuse this abrupt departure, the marshal will be offended.

Val. The marshal! never mind him—he doesn't know you are here—besides, the levee is over. I saw your father just now *stumping* down the hill at double quick time.

Hen. [Aside.] Is there no escape?

Val. And so, Colonel, you are actually going to be married?

Mad. G. Married—the Colonel—to whom, pray?

Val. To whom?—who should he marry but your charming self? I told him he had no chance—because you refused me, but soldiers are not to be daunted; he swore he'd lay seige to you for a twelvemonth, and die in the trenches, but he'd reduce you to capitulation.

Hen. Oh, this is torture—Mr. Valcour, I desire you will assert—

Val. Nothing but the truth—I am veracity itself. I have just had a few words with your old flame, Maria—poor thing!—happened, incautiously, to tell her what was going forward here—between you and the widow—and she—

Hen. Was agonised, I suppose—[vehemently.]

Val. [Coolly.] Not a bit—kind-hearted soul, she was delighted—charmed at an opportunity of promoting your happiness at the expense of her own, so finding she was at liberty—you know my way—I proposed—was accepted on the instant, and to morrow morning, Maria Valcour takes her departure for Paris.

Hen. [Amazed.] Is this possible?—I am bewildered!

Mad. G. [Sings.]

“Ah, no, first love is but a name,
It blazes brightly—then expires!”

Val. First love! all moonshine—see the end on't. The Colonel has won my first love—I have won his—so we'll all be married together. I'll give away the widow to him, and he shall give me Maria!

Hen. Never! Mr. Valcour, you have driven me to the necessity of saying—even in this lady's presence, that

much as I am fascinated with her beauty, much as I am charmed by her elegance and accomplishments, still my heart's first love triumphs over all—and Maria, the poor, devoted constant Maria, must be mine.

Val. Yours ! tut, tut, tut.

Hen. Yes, sir; my honour compels me to be just, and inclination prompts me to be happy.

Mad. G. [Pretending to faint.] Oh, I sink !—I expire !—oh !

Val. Ah ! she faints ! she dies !—see what you have done !—here, hold, support her, do it gently thou', while I run for salts and sal-volatile—oh, cruel and unkind !—you have broken the tenderest heart that ever squander'd its affections on ungrateful man. [He runs into the house, leaving her in Henry's arms.]

Hen. Was there ever such an unfortunate !—but how lovely she looks !—how like an angel !—how like Maria ! [Looking round.] It—it is, but one, the first—the last. [He kisses her, and she gives an immoderate sigh.] By heavens, she'll die in my arms !

Val. [Running from the house.] What ! not recovered yet ! How tired you must be—here—try this and this, while she rests on my shoulder—that's right,—see—she raises her hand—she wants air—untie that infernal umbrella, that she calls a bonnet—there—there—there—see, she revives.

[Henry applies the specifics in great agitation as Valcour directs, at the instant she raises her hand and releases her pelisse—he unties the bonnet, which falls, and Maria appears in her Savoyard dress.

Hen. [Gazing in surprise.] Maria !

Mad. G. [Smiling at him.] Henry ! [her hand.

Hen. It is, my own dear, dear Maria ! [Kneels and kisses her.]

Val. At last the widow has come to—herself.

Hen. And in her lovely self is combined every charm of rustic simplicity—every grace that adorns the votary of fashion !—oh, let my future life bear witness to the truth of my affection.

Mad. G. There's my hand !—but, Henry, if some other widow should happen to faint in your arms—you needn't revive her as you did me. [A noise without.

Val. Holloa ! what's the matter now ?

[Edward appears guarded, with Florine hanging upon his arm. An officer in advance, and the Villagers following.

Flo. Oh, Colonel, save him !—save my dear Edward !

Enter LISETTE, dragging in NATZ, with his knapsack, &c.

Lis. Come along, Natty, and shew yourself a man—hold up your head, do!—Mr. Officer, I have brought a substitute.

Natz. Yes, I can deny her nothing—so I am forced to be a volunteer. [Dolefully.]

Off. It cannot be, young ~~man~~.

Natz. Can't it!—oh, dear, how very sorry I am. [Cheerfully.]

Off. Forward.

Enter LA ROCHE.

La Ro. Halt! what the deuce is all this?

Off. I am sorry it should be so, Captain;—but, the prisoner—

La Ro. Prisoner! nonsense! you appear to be misinformed in this matter, sir.

Off. I only obey my orders, sir.

La Ro. Do then obey this order, which will save you all further trouble—Edward Malaise does not belong to the army.

Off. Captain!

La Ro. Oh! 'tis very true,—there, sir! [Gives him the paper.] The marshal could not grant him leave of absence when he had refused so many; but, in reward of his exemplary conduct, signed his release from all future service three days before he left Paris.

Vill. Huzza!

Off. Release your prisoner.

[Officer retires, Edward advances, Villagers shout.
Edw. Dearest Florine,—kind friends,—my gallant substitute!

Natz. [Shaking hands with Edward.] Ah! an't I a hero?

Mad. G. And now, Captain, having disposed of one deserter, I demand your judgment on another, called Henry La Roche.

La Ro. Oh, that's a sad fellow! he richly deserves the severest punishment of matrimony—so I'll inflict upon him—two wives—my darling little Maria and the widow of my old friend, General Germance. [Joins their hands.]

Val. I beg pardon, Colonel—but, you know my way—may I be permitted? [Saluting Mad. Germance.]

Natz. Oh, that's the way, is it? [To Lis.]. May I be permitted? [Imitating Valcour, kisses Lisette.]

La Ro. [To *Val.*] What ! you are at your old tricks !
Val. Tut, tut, tut. [*Drawing out the point of his telescope.*]

La Ro. Oh !—I have done.—

Mad. G. And now the widow will delight to prove,
There's nought so sweet or lasting as first love.

FINALE.

Mad. G. Roll drums merrily, march away,
The lasses are pretty, the lads are gay ;
And three happy couple may now join hands,
If nobody here forbids the bans.

Chorus. Roll drums, &c.

La Ro. Roll drums merrily, march away !
To a soldier's wedding I'm partial,
When the lasses are pretty, the lads are gay,
And Cupid's their grand field-marshall.

Chorus. Roll drums, &c.

THE END.

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